

Bury of J. W. Lee.

THERE was an unlooked for blaze in the kitchen of Frank D'bowdow yesterday. It was extinguished by the family, but not until Frank D'bowdow was pretty badly burned about the face and hands, and one of the young ladies was slightly scorched.

#### THE ST. LAWRENCE

#### Had a Narrow Escape From Death Saturday.

The St. Lawrence met with a peculiar accident to one of her engines on her up river just below New Richmond Sunday evening.

The key or "gib" at the end of the piston on the crank wrist broke while the piston was coming forward, and the piston rod ran through, carrying out the forward head, while the cross head only took the after head out, but went through the cylinder and projected beyond the forward head, drawing the piston in the full length of the cylinder and wedging it there, where it yet remains. The cylinder, as far as could be learned, was not damaged beyond the smashing of both heads.

The engineer was on the footbox at the time and escaped unburnt, while fragments of the cylinder heads were scattered promiscuously through the doors in front, one heavy piece being carried to the fire doors of the boilers.

The City of Troy towed her to Cincinnati, where her trip was transferred to the City of Madison.

Pilot Billy Brochart declares he never witnessed an accident equal to that one.

Repairs will be made at once, and it is hoped the old familiar whistle of the St. Lawrence will be heard again soon.



CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

(The following poem from The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette is reprinted by request.)

A blonde-haired child of seven, Said: "Papa, tell me if the angels come to us?" "Yes, they do," said he. The question struck me strangely, And I asked him, "What do you mean?" As they talked on, and said that: "If they didn't—why, they ought!" I almost thought he had lost his mind, "Well, papa, tell me how?" "No, papa, tell me some other day!"

"Now, papa, tell me now!"

"I know, I know it's true!"

So I asked him what he thought—

And strange it seems to me often—

When people say that angels are here."

Who else but God did see?

And here hear tales of children's joys?"

"Oh, no, papa, I don't believe it!"

"And, papa, when I die?"

"What shall I do? What can I do?"

"To answer him, I said:

"But just imagine Christmas there,

And think of all the angels there,

With folded hands and open mouth

As though they had been called to me."

I could not help but smile,

And said, "It's a good thought—

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